The Myrtle

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13

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Thanksgiving Day.

THE happy day has come again,
The happiest of the year!
When at the old familiar home,
Loved faces reappear.
Here gray-haired grandpa sits enthroned,
The sovereign of the day;
While all proclaim with one accord
His undisputed sway.

No blither spirit moves the game,
Nor stirs to ready mirth
The frolic-loving girls and boys
Who gather round the hearth,
And listen to the olden tales
Which children love so well,
And every grandpa in the land
As dearly loves to tell.

Dear grandma's hands are quite too full,
As hostess of the day,
To join in grandpa's laughing tales,
And merry freaks of play.
Her placid face is full of love,
And gratitude, and peace,
Once more to meet them all before
Her ministrations cease.

And so, with merry games and tales,
The hours pass swiftly on,
Till, crowning element of all,
The dining time has come.
Then all, with glad alacrity,
Obey the welcome sound,
And gather round the table, where
Thanksgiving joys abound.

O worthy scions of our race!
Forefathers passed away!
Could you but see us celebrate
This glad Thanksgiving day,
You'd pardon all our wanderings
From puritanic fold,
And think that still some zealous hearts
The *nineteenth century* holds.

Youth's Companion.

For the Myrtle.

The Lost Purse.

PART III.

WHEN they arrived at home, and had given the horse over to Patrick's care, they walked into the house, and Ed sought his father.

He found him in the parlor, reading.

"Father," said he, approaching him, "See here, I have found a purse, and it is stuffed full of money."

"Whose is it?" said his father, looking deliberately over his spectacles as Ed walked toward him holding out the purse.

"I don't know whose it is. Sammy here is such a little goose that he won't let me open it to find out who it belongs too."

"I thought, sir," said Sammy, stepping forward, "I thought it would be better to bring it home to you just as we found it. Then, if there was any thing wrong about it, we could not be blamed if we had never touched, or seen, its contents."

"Very well thought of, Sammy. But do you think you are going to get me into trouble by bringing it to me?"

"No, sir, I hope not."

"If you were in danger from opening it, why am not I brought into the same danger if *I* meddle with it?"

"There, Sammy, that's just what I told you," said Ed, exultingly.

"Isn't it different for a grown man to take such

a responsibility, from what it would be in the hands of two boys?"

"Yes, very different," said Mr. Lee. "You were quite right, Sammy, in thinking it best that it should be brought home before it was opened."

"Yes" said Mrs. Lee, who had been looking on with interest while they were speaking. "It is much better that it be opened by a grown person here. in the presence of witnesses, than by two boys alone on the highway."

"There Ed, I told you so," said Sammy.

"Well, do hurry, father, and open the purse. I am willing to acknowledge that I was wrong if that will hurry matters any. But I do want to know what is inside that purse."

"What is your hurry? You will be no richer after it is opened than before, for the contents must be returned to their rightful owner."

"How do you know that you can find the rightful owner."

"I don't *know* that I can. But I think he may be found. Owners of lost money are not very apt to hide themselves. The man who dropped this purse will be very likely to find us if we make it known that we have found money."

As Mr. Lee said this he was opening the clasp, and now he took out the roll of bills, and laid them down on the table beside him.

Then he searched the pockets of the purse, and found there bills and notes, and a variety of things such as you might expect in the purse of a business man.

They were not all in one name, and the variety of names made the question of which of them was the owner of the purse the more difficult to decide.

They were none of them names of persons living in Mr. Lee's neighborhood; and for this reason he knew that the purse must belong to a stranger.

"What will you do with the money, father?" said Ed.

"I will put it back again into the purse after I have counted it."

Mr. Lee proceeded to spread the bills out and count them very carefully.

There was nearly two hundred dollars in the purse.

When he had done counting Mr. Lee took a bit of paper, and made a careful account of the contents of the purse, setting down every thing, from the least to the greatest.

Then he put them all back in their places and made the clasp fast, and locked the purse safely into his money drawer.

"What are you going to do next, father?" said Ed.

"I am going to advertize the purse, and find the rightful owner to it if possible."

"How will you know who is the rightful owner?"

"I will try any one who claims to be, by a test."

"What test, father?"

"Whoever comes to claim the purse must be able to tell what is in it. If he cannot do that, I shall not be willing to give it to him."

"Will you insist on his telling every item? I should think any man must have a pretty good memory who can do that."

"I think no man could remember every one of this long list of items," said Ed, taking up the paper as if he were going to read them over.

"I would rather you would not read those," said Mr. Lee.

"Why not? I should not tell any one what they are."

"It would be better and easier for you to be able to answer that question by saying that you do not know; and easier for me to say that no person save the one who made the list of contents and the owner *can* know what is in the purse."

Not many days after the advertizement was put into the daily paper that a purse had been found, and waited its owner at Mr. Lee's house, a gentleman rode up to the door, and seeing Ed on the steps, said to him,—

"Is this where Mr. Lee lives?"

"Yes, sir," said Ed.

"Then it is at this house that my purse is to be found."

"Oh, is the purse yours?"

"Yes," the gentleman replied, and added, "Is Mr. Lee at home?"

"Yes, sir. Will you walk into the house and see him?"

"I will," said the stranger, getting down from his horse.

"Are you Mr. Lee's son?"

"Yes, sir. I am the one that found the purse."

"Ah. You shall be rewarded when I get it."

"Where did you find it?" said the gentleman, seeming inclined to enter into conversation with the boy, and in no hurry to enter the house.

"I found it in the road about a mile west from here."

"The very place where I dropped it," said the gentleman.

"How long since was it that you found it?"

"Last Friday evening."

"The very day that I passed this way," said the gentleman, and added,—

"It was full of money, was it not?"

"Yes sir. There was a great roll of bank bills in it."

"Any thing else?"

"Yes, sir, a good many other things."

"What were they?"

"I could not tell them all."

"I will give this," said the stranger, taking a piece of gold from his pocket. "You shall have this, and more, if you wish, if you will tell me every item that was in the purse."

"I cannot if I would," said Ed.

"Why not?"

"Because I do not know them."

"Didn't you open the purse? You say you found it."

"No, sir, I didn't open the purse myself."

"Who did open it? It seems to me you were a very foolish boy to have the purse in your own hands, and yet not know what was in it."

"I think so too," said Ed. "I should have looked at its contents had I not been advised not to do so."

Ed looked at the gold eagerly, while he was saying this, and thought, What a fool I was to mind Sammy's advice. I might have had this money as well as not."

"Well, tell me, didn't you see the purse opened afterward?"

"Yes. I saw father open it. But it had a great many things in it besides the money; and I cannot tell you what they were, because I did not take them in my hand and father wouldn't permit any one to read the list that he made of them."

"Why not?"

"Because he thought it not best," said Ed.

"Well, if you saw the purse opened your eyes must have taken in most of the things that were in it, even if you did not hold it in your own hands. Now if you will tell me as nearly as you can remember what you saw, I will give you two pieces of money."

As the gentleman said this, he drew another gold piece out from his pocket.

Ed looked at it wishfully. "I would tell you if I could. But the fact is, I saw so little that I am afraid what I can remember will be of very little service to you."

"Well, go on. Tell all you can," said the gentleman.

Ed began, "There was first the great roll of bills. There were also notes and receipts. But I can't tell any thing about them. There was in one pocket some little slips cut out of newspapers. There were some postage stamps in one pocket, and in one a broken ring."

Here Ed paused, and the gentleman said:

"Are these all that you can remember?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well. I am much obliged to you. I will go into the house now, and see your father, and will pay you when I get the purse."

Ed didn't exactly like that, but the gold had been dropped back into the man's pocket, and he was away before there was time to say one word.

Mrs. E. M. Bruce.

A Picture of the Red Sea.

There was a bishop in Dublin who engaged a painter to make a large picture for the Cathedral. The subject chosen was the crossing of the Red Sea by the Israelites. After a time the picture was completed, and hung in the Cathedral, covered by a heavy curtain, and a great crowd of people assembled to see it unveiled. All faces were turned in expectation to the curtain. But lo! when it was drawn aside, nothing could be seen but a vast expanse of water. In a great rage the bishop turned to the artist, and exclaimed: "I thought I asked you to paint a picture of the Israelites crossing the Red Sra!" "True for you, that's just it," said the painter. "But where are the Israelites?" asked the indignant bishop. "They're gone over," said the painter. "Well, but where are the Egyptians?" "They're gone under!"

A LITTLE girl had been playing in the street until she had become pretty well covered with dust. In trying to wash it off she didn't use water sufficient to prevent the dust rolling up in little balls upon her arms. In her trouble she applied to her brother, a little older than herself, for a solution of the mystery. It was explained at once—to his satisfaction, at least:

"Why, sis, you're made of dust, and if you don't stop you'll wash yourself all away!"

The washing was discontinued.

For the Myrtle.

Home Again.

Home again—duty done.
Loving mother, loving son,
Brother, sister waiting too
With their welcome, hearty, true.

Sweet the night, if, homeward bound
Rest like this the heart hath found.
Blessings on the household be,
Blessings on the family.

E. M. B.

For the Myrtle.

The Swan Family.

On a beautiful river in one of the eastern counties of England, there lived a happy family of swans. The family was made up of a father and mother, and six little cygnets.

Do you understand, dear children, what the word cygnet means? A cygnet is a baby swan. But the babies are not nearly as pretty as the father and mother swans. They are covered at first with a greyish down, and this grows very gradually into the beautiful white plumage which they afterwards wear. It will be a whole year after the cygnets come out from the shell before they become as beautiful as the father and mother. Yet they do not seem unhappy about this. They go about with their grey coats on, very patiently, for they knew that they have a long time to live, and they can afford to be grey one year, when they may afterward be white for ninety-nine.

But I must not keep you longer from the story of the swans which I began to tell.

The father and mother of this happy family took very good care of the six little cygnets. They loved them just as well with the grey coats on, as if they had been snow white; and such a beautiful home by the river as they made in the grass and long rushes would have delighted your eyes to have seen.

The little cygnets could swim at the very first. Before they had been out of the shell one day, the mother made a short journey with them on the river. And day by day as their little feet grew stronger, she went farther and father with them over the water.

When they were partly grown they began to think of making excursions by themselves, and each day they might be seen swimming about the river now up, now down, putting their heads into the reeds, and hunting through the rushes, as if they were seeking for themselves a cozy place where some time they might build a nest in which to rear their own young.

Little Susie Clark, and her two brothers Harry and Peter, lived in a house that stood very close to the river. They could come down and sit on the stairs that led to the boat landing, and throw crumbs to the swans; which all, both givers and receivers, enjoyed.

They watched the growth of the cygnets with great interest, and each selected one which they called their own,

Susie thought hers grew white faster than the others, and she was very sure that it was larger. She used to run down the stairs sometimes when her brothers were at play, and feed her own cygnet, thinking as she did so, how much she would like to have it grow faster thon the others.

The boys found this out one day, and they tried after that to make their cygnets grow more beautiful than the others. But all that the children did made very little difference. The swans grew steadily, but not rapidly.

One day Susie's cygnet came up on to the

bank, and was walking about under the trees, when the little dog Jip came running down to the river.

As soon as he saw the young swan he bounded toward it with open mouth. The poor creature started for the river as fast as it could run, but swans cannot run rapidly, as their feet are made for the water, and not for the land. The dog soon overtook it, and seizing it by the wing would have killed it in a moment if the children had not appeared and driven him away.

As it was the poor little cygnet was frightened nearly to death, and so much hurt that he was crippled for life. He could never afterward swim as gracefully as the other cygnets, and now I am come to the disagreeable part of my story.

The whole family of swans began to be very unkind to the poor wounded cygnet. They would not allow it to keep company with them, but whenever the poor creature came near they would fly at it, and peck it, and treat it so unkindly that it was glad to get away from them. It was very lonely, and as you may suppose won the sympathy of all who saw it.

The wounded swan became the pet of the town, and was fed and petted much more than all the others, and it grew larger than any of them. It became very tame so that it would come close to us, and eat from our hands, and was much more amiable in disposition than before the accident.

Ought we not to learn a lesson from the wounded swan, and let misfortunes improve, instead of destroy us. *E. M. Bruce.*

Boys Wanted.

Boys of spirit, boys of will,
Boys of muscle, brain and power,
Fit to cope with any thing—
These are wanted every hour.

Not the weak and whining drones
That all troubles magnify—
Not the watchword of "I can't,"
But the noble one, "I'll try."

THERE is a power in the direct glance of a sincere and loving human soul, which will do more to dissipate prejudice and kindle charity than the most elaborate arguments.

A LITTE girl asded her sister what was chaos, that her papa read about. The elder replied, it is a great pile ot nothing, and no place to put it in."

Agassiz and the Snake.

Miss Anna C. Brackett, once a pupil ot Agassiz, thus relates an incident which occurred nearly twenty years ago at the Normal School in Framingham, where Agassiz had come to give instruction for a few days in Zoology: "During the noon intermission, one of the girls had picked up and brought with her to the desk one of the little gray snakes so common in Massachusetts country fields, and while a group of girls were standing by, she suddenly produced it. There was at once a start, and an exclamation of disgust and loathing, and the expected sensation had been quite satisfactorily produced. Agassiz, who had been standing on the platform talking with the principal and waiting for the school to be called to order, instantly came rapidly down the aisle to the excited and disgusted group, and on seeing the cause of the commotion at once took the little frightened creature gently, almost tenderly, into his strong hand, and as the snake twisted itself around his fingers and wrist, he said, quietly, as if it were a friend, 'Oh! it is the Coluber DeKayi, so named from Dr. DeKay, who first characterized it.' The words were nothing, but the gesture and manner were indescribable, at once so protective and so reverential that they, as well as the whole scene, have always stood out clear in my memory with the vividness of one of Chaucer's pictures, It was as if the voice, instead of the simple remark of recognition which it actually uttered, had said:

"He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man, and bird, and beast;
He prayeth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small,
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

"I cannot answer for the impression on the others, but I know that to one at least that gesture and action, so characteristic of the man, struck the key-note ot her teaching for many years afterwards, in many difierent places, and to thousands of pupils, and the grateful remembrance of it is to me now like a floral offering which I lay upon his distant, honored grave."—*Christian Union.*

LITTLE moments make an hour;
Little thoughts a book;
Little seeds a tree, a flower;
Water-drops a brook.
Little deeds of faith and love
Fruit shall bear in heaven above.

New Books.

The Publishing House has just published a new series of Juvenile Books, entitled "The Happy Heart Series." It is to comprise six volumes, with the following titles: "A Little Light," "Open Doors," "Merry Madge," "Borrowing," "Patient Johnny," "The May Party." They are issued in the best style, and will commend themselves to our Sunday Schools as available for their libraries. The literary and moral excellence of these volumes is sufficiently assured, when we say that the author is Mrs. E. M. Bruce, of Melrose, well known as a writer.

Our Sunday Schools.

MASSACHUSETTS.

—Rev. H. I. Cushman retires from his position as Superintendent of the Columbus Avenue Sunday School Boston, by reason of his resignation as associate pastor. The school made its first sociable of the season the occasion for expressing their gratitude for his services, regrets for his departure, and good wishes. Valuable presents were made him from several classes, including an elegant gold watch and chain from the school as a whole.

—Mr. Cushman's place will be filled by Mr. B. B. Whittemore, who was for fifteen years Superintendent of the Sunday School at Hartford, Conn.

—Sunday, Oct. 25th, was observed at South Boston as a memorial day. The church being finely decorated with brilliant autumn leaves and flowers. The day was observed in the same manner at Chelsea, and also at Quincy.

MAINE.

—The church in Auburn observed Sunday, Oct. 4th, as a memorial day. The church was beautifully decorated with autumn leaves, wreaths, crosses, etc., quarterly communion service was held in the afternoon, and a Sunday School concert in the evening.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

—At Claremont a service appropriate to autumn was recently held. Rev. Mr. Smiley devoted his morning discourse almost entirely to the interesting lesson to be derived from the evidence of decay to be seen on every hand. In the evening there was a Sabbath School concert at the same church, which was magnificently trimmed for the occasion with autumn leaves and beautiful fall flowers. The services were intensely interesting.

VERMONT.

—Memorial Sunday was observed with appropriate services at Chester, Oct. 25th. The church was tastefully decorated with wreaths of evergreen and crosses of autumn leaves. Sermon by the pastor, from the text, "Believe in God," followed by communion service. A beautiful hymn was written for the occasion by Miss E. Alice Kinney, of St. Albans.

CONNECTICUT.

—The beautiful custom of setting apart a Sabbath of autumn as a memorial day for the departed, is increasing every year in our churches and Sunday Schools. Some churches also observe a day as a celebration of autumn, a sort of "harvest home" of praise and thanksgiving. Such a service was held in the church at Norwich, of which we have a pleasant account. The church was beautifully decorated with autumn-tinted foliage and flowers. It was the design of the ladies to represent the season by autumn-tinted leaves, flowers, fruits and grain. And their efforts were crowned with briiliant success. Crosses, anchors, wreaths, garlands and bouquets of beautiful and brilliant colored foliage and flowers, with sheaves of ripened grain and golden ears of corn, combined to render the scene one in which an artist eye and soul could but have been filled with rapture. The exercises consisted of the opening service arranged for Thanksgiving Day in Gloria Patri, Scripture lesson, prayers, harvest hymns, and a discourse by the pastor, Rev. J. J. Twiss, in which the suggestions of the season were set forth, at length, indicating, among other things, that autumn may be regarded as the manhood of the year, for it is the ripest of the seasons; from which was deduced the lesson that as autumn is an indication of completeness, a symbol of perfection, so should man's life be perfect in itself.

Ths pastor of this church is preaching a series of Sunday evening sermons to young men which are fully attended, and will do much good.

NEW YORK.

—The Sunday School of the Centenary Chapel, Brooklyn, celebrates its sixth anniversary on Sunday, Nov. 8th.

—The Sunday School in Huntington has an enlargement of its library by fifty volumes, and a goodly number of new scholars to read them. A course of lectures especially for the young people is in progress by the pastor.

—That is a good idea of the Potsdam Sunday School. Instead of consigning its old copies of the *Helper* to the waste basket, as is the general practice, it has saved them since last February, and now is able to make the really helpful offer to send them to any Sunday School in need. We doubt not those copies of the *Helper* will go like hot cakes. Nor do we imagine that the pupils of the lucky school will be at a great disadvantage learning "all about Moses" nine months later than their fellow students.

—A large Sunday School meeting was held in All-Souls church, Brooklyn, on the 28th of October. Rev. A. Gunnison presided. Rev. Mr. Fluhrer, of Harlem, Rev. Mr. Wilson, of Greenpoint, Rev. Mr. Seitz, of Nyack, Rev. Mr. Sweetser, of Bleeker Street, Rev. Mr. Pullman (who went over from New York City, with a large load of his teachers,) and Rev. Mr. Nye, all offering excellent Christian remarks, treating the various subjects introduced tersely and with vigor. The meeting must have been productive of great good.

—Memorial Sunday was observed in Troy Oct. 25th. The church was beautifully decorated with designs wrought in autumn leaves. The services were most impressive and consoling to the bereaved. In the evening the Sunday School gave its customary harvest concert. The church was crowded, and the exercises of a high order of merit.

OHIO.

—The Sunday School of our church at Flint held a festival on Thursday evening, Oct. 15th, for the benefit of Miss Carrie Whitney, daughter of the late Rev. H. E Whitney. The young lady is blind, and is an inmate of the Blind Asylum at Columbus. The festival passed off very pleasantly. It yielded $37 cash.

—Rev. Andrew Wilson gives us the following notice of the recent Sunday School meeting in his parish: "The seventeenth Union Meeting of the Brimfield and Kent Sunday Schools was held in Brimfield, Oct. 25th, and was very largely attended, and truly enjoyable. The exercises, consisting of essays, recitations and singing, were highly creditable. This meeting will long live in memory as one of the happiest of our many happy ones."

The Betrayal of Christ.

MARK xiv. 43—50.

There were twelve men whom Jesus chose to be His Apostles. These men He loved very much and trusted very much. He taught them how to do the wonderful things which He Himself did. How to preach such sermons as He preached, how to heal the sick, and comfort the sorrowing.

Knowing, as He did, that He had but a little time to remain on the earth, He wished these twelve men to learn all His ways of blessing the people in order that His work might go on in the world after He had passed away.

At one time Jesus had been away on the mountain side alone to pray. The disciples Peter, James and John, who had gone part of the way with Him, were very sleepy, and they went to sleep, though Jesus had told them to keep awake and watch till He came back. He came back three times, and each time He found these men asleep. It seems to us that they were very much to blame for this. They knew that their Master was about to leave them, that it would be but a little longer that they could do any thing for His comfort, and yet they would not keep awake the little time that He was gone on to the mountain to pray.

The third time when He came back to them, He said, I have no need of your watching any longer. What I told you would happen, has happened. I am betrayed into the hands of sinners.

Do you know what He meant when He said that He was betrayed? He meant that some wicked person had told His enemies where He was, that they might come and take Him to kill Him. These wicked men, whom Jesus here calls sinners, had been waiting a long time to get a chance to take the life of the Saviour. At last they talked with one of the twelve whose name was Judas. They knew that Judas loved money very much, and they said to him,

Judas, if you will betray this Jesus into our hands, so that we may kill Him we will give you thirty pieces of silver.

I have no doubt that these thirty pieces of silver looked very large to Judas. Perhaps they were bright new metal, and shone in the sun in a way to look very tempting. We know that they were tempting to poor Judas, for he loved his Master, and would not have harmed Him if he had not been very strongly tempted.

When he was coming with these men who had planned to take Jesus, this was the arrangement that they made. Judas did not dare to go and put his hand on Jesus, and say, This is the man whom you want to kill, but he said: When we come to the place where we shall find Him with the disciples, I will go to Him and kiss Him. Remember that the one whom I kiss will be the Saviour.

Now when they were come to the place where Jesus was, Judas went straight to Him and said, Master, Master; and kissed Him.

Then the wicked men knew that this was Jesus, and they laid their hands on Him, and took Him. They had come prepared to fight, and they had swords and clubs with them, intending to make bloody work if any one tried to prevent their taking Jesus away.

But no resistance was made. The crowd of people standing by all seemed willing to the murder, and the disciples on whom Jesus had so much relied, all forsook Him and fled. Very poor friends, they were, who could leave the Saviour in the hour of His greatest peril.

Think, dear children, whether any of you would have done what these disciples did had you been with Jesus at this time. Would you, any of you, have done what Judas did? Do you think those thirty pieces of shining silver would have been a temptation to you? If you do, let me tell you how little comfort they were to Judas after he got them. I suppose that at first he was very happy in possessing so much money. Each one of the silver pieces was worth sixty cents, and if you can multiply sixty by thirty you will know how many cents Judas had. No doubt he thought he could buy a great many things with them, for cents went farther in those days than they do to-day. But the people despised Judas for doing so wicked a thing as betraying his Lord for money, and they looked so frowningly upon him, that he began to think how dreadful his act had been, and he was very wretched. He took the money back to the men who had hired him to do the wrong, and tried to get them to take it. But they would have nothing more to do with him,

Then Judas threw down the money in the temple, and went out and hanged himself. He was too unhappy to stay longer in this world, and took this horrible way to get rid of his life.

Bible Questions.

Who dwelt in a cave with his two daughters?

How long did Noah live after the flood?

How many cubits upward did the waters of the deluge prevail?

How long did the waters prevail upon the earth?

In what month, and what day of the month was the earth dried?

Who was called a mighty hunter before the Lord?

Who was the father of Peleg?

How old was Abram when he departed out of Haran?

How old was Abraham when the Lord appeared to him, and commanded him to be perfect?

Where is the first revealed prayer in the Bible, and how many words does it contain?

Where is the next?

Where is the third?

Where is the fourth?

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